

DADDY'S BED TIME ANIMAL STORIES



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MARY GRAHAM BONNER



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"THEY ATE UNTIL THEY COULD EAT NO MORE"—Page 3

Daddy's Bedtime Animal Stories

By
Mary Graham Bonner

*With four illustrations in color by
Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis*



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TO
THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER,
WHO GAVE ME THE HAPPINESS
OF MY CHILDHOOD

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THE TWO LITTLE MICE'S CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY



A Jolly Old Man
Appeared

“ONCE upon a time,” began daddy, “a little mouse had heard when he was hiding in holes in the corners of the rooms that all the little boys and girls in the world once a year had a Christmas tree full of goodies. A dear old person named Santa Claus trimmed the tree for them and filled the stockings which they hung up by the fireplaces.

“The little mouse didn’t see why he shouldn’t have a Christmas, too, so he told another little mouse what he had heard. Together they planned what they would do. They would bore through two little holes in the parlor where they had heard the tree was to be. There they stayed every night, keep-

ing very quiet. They heard the children talk about what they hoped Santa Claus would bring them and saw them constantly send notes up the chimney to him.

“Of course the mice had to keep very quiet, as they didn't want to let the children know they were there, and with a great deal of self denial they stayed out of the pantry, living for their very own Christmas party.

“At last Christmas eve came. They saw the children in their little nighties hang up their stockings by the fireplace and then trot off to bed.

“Before long the mice heard strange noises on the roof, and then a little soot began to fall down the chimney. Soon they saw a jolly old man appear, with white hair and a white beard, from the chimney, and they nudged each other, whispering, ‘That must be Santa Claus.’

“Sure enough, it was Santa Claus, for he had a big bag of presents with him, and at once he set to work. At first he trimmed the tree. He had plenty of silver trimming and candles; but, best of all (thought the mice), he strung popcorn over the tree and made it

look as if the snow had fallen over it. Then he tied on the branches candy canes and candy animals of all sorts. Next he filled the stockings, and how the mouths of the two little mice did water as they saw all sorts of nuts, raisins and big rosy cheeked apples going in! The toys didn't interest the mice, as they were longing to get at the things to eat.

"Before long Santa was through and quickly disappeared up the chimney. And then—the mice began their feast. And, oh, what a time they did have! They ate until they could eat no more, and they thought Christmas the finest time of the year, for never before had they seen food still before them which they weren't hungry for!

"The next morning when the children saw so many nutshells and bits of popcorn lying around they knew that some little mice must have had a party, but they didn't set a cruel trap, as they thought it was fine that the mice had had a Christmas party too."

SPUD COON'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION



Dr. Red Fox Was
Reading a Book.

“I MUST tell you,” said daddy to Jack and Evelyn, “about Spud Coon’s New Year’s resolutions. Spud Coon had been a very naughty raccoon during the Christmas holidays. He had been stealing a great many of Farmer Wells’ chickens. He had given a number of chicken feasts and had also gone to many dances. He had always come home very much exhausted and stayed in bed late every morning.

“Of course too many dances, too many chicken feasts and such late hours began to make Spud Coon feel wretched. He got extremely worried about himself, and one evening—it was New Year’s eve, by the way—Spud Coon decided he would go to see Dr. Red Fox.

“Now, Dr. Red Fox had been very naughty when he was a little fox, but age had given him a great deal of common sense, and he was as clever as a fox can be, which is pretty clever, you know.

“Spud Coon found him all alone in his office, which was about a mile through the woods from where Spud Coon lived. Dr. Red Fox was seated on a wooden stump reading an enormously big book, and he looked very wise with his spectacles on his nose.

“‘How do you do, Spud Coon?’ said Dr. Fox, as he looked up from his book.

“‘Oh, very poorly! I am afraid I am going to die,’ replied Spud Coon.

“‘Why, what’s the trouble?’

“‘Oh, doctor, I’ve very bad pains in my head, and my legs ache, and I don’t know what is the matter with me!’

“Dr. Fox took his spectacles off his nose and, leaning back on the stump, sighed heavily.

“‘Well, I know what the trouble is, Spud Coon; you’ve been eating too many chickens, and too much of anything is bad for you. Then you’ve stolen them, and your conscience

is troubling you, for you really are a good coon at heart, and late hours—they are awful for you. You should get up early, go hunting for your food in the right way, and then you'll feel well. But if you keep on like this,' and Dr. Fox looked very grave, 'you'll be all doubled up with rheumatism so that your joints will get stiff and you will not be able to walk without limping and no one will care for you.'

"Spud Coon felt for a few moments that he could never give up dances and chicken feasts, so accustomed to them had he become, and he had greatly enjoyed his lazy and gay life. But he realized how dreadful it would be to grow old and infirm before his time, so he bravely decided that his New Year's resolutions would be to do as Dr. Red Fox had said so he could once more be a good and strong coon."

BILLY PORCUPINE SAVED BY HIS BROTHER'S QUILLS



The Lion Looked at
the Quills.

“ONCE upon a time,” began daddy, “there lived way off in the woods—the dense, black woods where people never go—a family of porcupines. Now, you know, children, porcupines have long, sharp quills that look dangerous.”

“They must be very cruel,” suggested Evelyn.

“Oh, no,” said daddy; “they really are very mild and most kindly by nature. They must have those quills in order to protect themselves. All animals need some means of protection. They must have sharp claws or sharp teeth or be very strong and big—something to save them from harm in the animal world. So the porcupines have their quills, and they just have to spread themselves out

with these sharp pointed quills in the air when they see any unfriendly animal, and the creature usually runs in fear.

“One time a mother and daddy porcupine had six beautiful little porcupine children—at least they thought they were beautiful—and were very proud of them. But the youngest was not very strong; neither were his quills very sharp pointed. So his mother and daddy and his other little brothers and sisters made a great pet of little Billy Porcupine, as he was called. Whenever Billy wanted to go anywhere one of his brothers or sisters always went along with him to see that no harm came to him.

“One day Billy Porcupine was invited to a porcupine children's party. Only very young porcupines were invited, so Billy was the only one invited out of his family. His mother fixed him all up nicely for the party and brushed his quills to make them look as well as possible, and off he started with his biggest brother. Billy Porcupine was awfully excited, as he loved parties. But they had not gone very far when a great rumble was heard through the woods. ‘Oh, what is

that?' cried Billy Porcupine, and before his brother had time to answer what should they see coming toward them but a great big lion. The lion spied Billy first, and, seeing his quills weren't very strong, he thought to himself, 'I'll soon do away with that delicate little morsel.' But he hadn't seen Billy's brother, who quickly shoved Billy back of him and stood in front of the lion, with his quills sticking straight out.

"Then the big lion began to tremble as he looked at the sharp, long quills of Billy's brother. He saw he couldn't get at Billy without attacking Billy's brother, and so the great big lion turned away from the little porcupine, shivering with fear at the mere thought of those awful quills of Billy's brother, and ran.

"So through his sharp quills he saved his brother's life, and how happy the porcupine family felt at Billy's rescue I needn't tell you."

HOW THE RABBIT LEARNED TO RUN



Off Tore Br'er Rabbit
at Full Speed.

“TELL you a story, children? Well, let me see.” Daddy meditated a long time, for he was very tired after a hard day’s work. Suddenly he said: “Suppose I tell you about Topsy?”

“Oh, yes!” cried both the children.

“Topsy was a beautiful little girl with long auburn curls, large, soft gray eyes and wonderful pink and white skin. No one had ever known just where she came from, for she said that she had just dropped from the clouds.

“Anyway, Topsy was beautiful, and she didn’t care if her nose was freckled, for she dropped on the earth just in time to visit all the animals behind the tall dark pines where they lived. Any other little girl would have been frightened to death behind the pines

with the animals. But Topsy? No, indeed! She was perfectly at home. And they all just loved her.

“They played blind man’s buff, hide and seek, Miss Sindy Sue and all kinds of games together.

“One day Reddy Fox felt very jealous of Br’er Rabbit because Topsy seemed to enjoy playing with him more than any other animal. So Reddy Fox decided he’d get rid of him. He told Br’er Rabbit that he’d walk with him to the end of the rainbow, where he’d heard there were just lots of beautiful little girls like Topsy, and all they lived upon was milk and honey.

“Reddy Fox was very tricky, and he knew how to get Br’er Rabbit, for, of course, behind the dark pines they never have anything like milk and honey, and Reddy Fox knew how Br’er Rabbit loved milk and honey. So off they started, leaving Topsy heartbroken, for she loved Br’er Rabbit.

“Br’er Rabbit went on ahead of Reddy Fox, who carried a long stick in his hand. On they walked and walked until Br’er Rabbit’s feet were so sore he could hardly put one

foot before the other. Each had a bag on his shoulder with some things to eat in it. So they sat down and ate and drank.

“When they’d finished eating they started on again, Reddy Fox always very careful to linger behind long enough to let Br’er Rabbit get in front. On and on they went until it had grown very dark. Reddy Fox stopped every few minutes to rest. Finally he decided he had gone far enough. He felt sure Br’er Rabbit would now be lost, so he yelled out to Br’er Rabbit to run as hard as he could, as he heard dogs.

“Off tore Br’er Rabbit as fast as his legs would carry him, while Reddy Fox sat down and laughed as though his sides would split.

“Children, Br’er Rabbit hasn’t stopped running from that day to this. It was Reddy Fox that taught the rabbit how to run.”

THE JOLLY KEEPER AND THE GLOOMY GNU



The Gnu Said He Was
Bored.

“YOU know,” said daddy, “that the gnu is a very gloomy animal. I heard the other day of a gnu who had to be kept all by himself in the zoo where he belonged because of his gloomy nature and sullen ways.”

“Couldn’t the other animals cheer him up?” inquired Evelyn.

“No,” said daddy. “In fact, he made all the other animals so depressed that they became as moody as he was. First the keeper of the zoo, being very much worried over the gnu’s gloominess, put him with the laughing hyenas. They think almost everything is funny, but when the gnu was put near them they stopped their habit of giggling. And it was a long time before they laughed again.

Next he was put with the monkeys, for the keeper thought surely that their antics would amuse the gnu. But the monkeys became most sullen.

“Next the keeper tried the jackasses, but instead of their making the gnu feel merry he made them pine and droop, and when he sneezed they felt frightened and thought something dreadful had happened.

“The only thing that seemed to interest him at all was his food, and when he'd see that being brought to him he'd lean way over and look through the bars of his cage, pulling his whiskers.

“At last the keeper decided he must have indigestion, though he only fed him wet and dry hay, clover and bran mash, all of which is very good for the gnu. But the keeper thought that surely the gnu must be sick to act so queerly, and at last he had a long talk with him. Of course a gnu can't really talk—not even the way a parrot can—but a zoo keeper is so used to animal language that he can usually understand it.

“‘The reason I seem so gloomy is because I'm terribly bored.’

“‘Bored!’ exclaimed the keeper. ‘That’s a strange thing for you to be. You’re a fine animal, you have plenty of other animals to talk to, and you get all the food you want without having to hunt for it.’

“‘That’s just it,’ said the gnu. ‘I would rather get tired hunting for it than to have it given to me without any effort. And it does bore me so to have people stop and look at me.’

“‘Well, they won’t much longer,’ replied the keeper, ‘for you’ll make them cry you’re so sad looking, and people don’t like to cry and have wet handkerchiefs.’

“‘Oh, well, it seems so stupid!’ said the gnu. ‘I’m not a beautiful painting nor a lovely sunset. I’m nothing worth looking at. It’s ridiculous, and it bores me.’

“‘Take people as you find them and cheer up,’ said the keeper.”

THE PUSSY WHO WANDERED FROM HOME



Rubbed Her Throat
With Liniment.

“PUSSY hated home. She liked to go off with all the other cats of the neighborhood. And yet the funniest part was that Pussy’s home was so delightful. She had as nice a home as any little cat could wish for. She lived with her mother and two little sisters and brothers in a kitchen which was part of a very fine house.

“There they had a box back of the big kitchen stove which was full of soft cushions. There was always a large bowl of milk on the floor in a corner of the kitchen. Three times a day they got big meals and quite often in between times, for Katy, the cook, was very fond of cats and spoiled them.

“But in spite of all these comforts and luxuries Pussy loved to wander.

“One day after Pussy had been home some time, during which the cook, the old mother cat and all Pussy’s sisters and brothers had tried to make her life in the kitchen so attractive that she should not want to leave it, off she went again.

“She met some other stray cats, her wild friends. They all said: ‘Why do you want to be petted by your mother? Aren’t you big enough to look after yourself? You don’t want to be a little mollycoddle and drink milk out of a bowl and have your food all cut up for you. That’s simply ridiculous. Come with us. We lead a free life and an exciting one. We never know when we’ll catch a mouse or whether we’ll find anything to eat in the garbage tins or not.’

“And once more little Pussy was influenced by the naughty cats, and off she went with them. She got into many a scrimmage, but she tried to make herself think it was great fun.

“One night, though, they were all hidden in a cellar. They had crawled in through an open window through which coal was put in. But when they went to get out, having learned

there were no mice, they found the window had been closed and they could find no way of escaping. Oh, how cold it was, and Pussy was so hungry! It was dark in the cellar too. The icebox was quite empty, and, finding no food anywhere, they all began to quarrel. Now, in Pussy's home there was never any quarreling, and Pussy felt very unhappy. Besides, she was bitterly cold, and her throat was sore and swollen.

"In the morning, though, good luck brought the coal man with more coal for the cellar, and the window was opened.

"Pussy simply fled for home. No one scolded her when she reached the warm kitchen again, and they all acted as though they realized she had been taught a severe lesson. The cook rubbed liniment on her poor swollen throat, and she had such a good drink of milk. And never again did Pussy leave home!"

THE ROOSTER WHO DISLIKED MOTORCARS



The King Rooster
Was Crowing.

JACK and Evelyn had been taken to an entertainment in the city that afternoon, and when daddy came home that evening they told him all about it. Clever dogs, hens and roosters had performed.

They had tilted on seesaws and had jumped ropes and walked ropes.

“Well,” daddy said, “I will have to tell you a story of the rooster who was king of the barnyard.

“It was a big farm on which he lived, and there were lots of little coops for chickens. On the very cold days they would stay inside, but on the warmer days they would play around in the sun, pick up seeds and have a nice time.

“Well, one day they were all out having a

sun bath, and the king rooster was calling 'Cock-a-doodle-do!' at the top of his lungs, while all the others were admiring him. He knew they were admiring him, too, and was very proud of it. Suddenly a shrieking toot was heard, and a motorcar whizzed by.

"Now, a motorcar was an unusual sight on this country road except in midsummer, so the rooster was quite disgusted. You see, the motor's horn had taken the attention of the barnyard fowls off his solo.

"So after it had passed, he said: 'I'll tell you something, now that all this absurd excitement has gone down. Years and years ago there were no motors, and there have always been hens and roosters. Now, isn't that a good point?'

"At this all the barnyard creatures hung their heads in shame, for their king had corrected them for noticing the motor.

"'Motors are not at all necessary,' he continued, 'for people have ships to go in when they travel on the water. They have trains for long distances on land, and they have horses and wagons for short distances, and that is enough. It's absurd, and I do not ap-

prove of it. Now, people really can't live without us. How could they get along without eggs for breakfast? And what do they need of motors? They aren't good to eat.' (Eating was his idea of bliss, you see.) 'They make dust, a lot of noise, and we are always having to hurry out of their way on the roads in the summer. Don't you all agree with me?'

"A little cluck came from each hen.

"'And will you promise me never to notice a motor, and never to get in their way so they won't have the chance to toot that common horn at us?'

"And all the hens clucked again in agreement."

"He was a strict rooster, wasn't he?" said Evelyn.

"And thought a lot of himself, too," added Jack. "And I don't believe he would have liked walking a rope for any master."

"Not he," agreed daddy.

CLEVER MR. MOLE'S REVENGE ON FARMER HICKY



Mr. Mole Would
Laugh and Laugh.

“OF all the animals the farmer dislikes,” began daddy, “I think the mole takes the lead, for he is more destructive to the farmer’s land than any other animal if he wishes to be. And Mr. Mole hates the farmer too.

“One spring a farmer named Farmer Hicky was taking great pains in plowing up his fields. But in so doing his plow went through Mr. Mole’s house, which was, of course, under the ground, and Mr. Mole’s lovely little children had their heads cut off by Farmer Hicky’s cruel plow. This grieved Mr. Mole very much, for the year before Mrs. Mole had been killed the same way in a similar accident. So now Mr. Mole was blind with fury. He vowed he would get

even with Farmer Hicky even if it took the rest of his life to do so.

“So Mr. Mole lay low until after Farmer Hicky had finished all his plowing in the field and had commenced his garden. Now and then Mr. Mole came out of the ground to see how far things were getting along. Then he'd put his head in his paws and just laugh and laugh, thinking all the time, 'Well, old Farmer Hicky, I'll get the best of you yet.'”

“He saw that Farmer Hicky had planted onions, beans, radishes, potatoes, carrots and cucumbers. He waited until they began to grow very nicely, which he decided was the time for him to begin his work.

“Farmer Hicky's farm was very, very large, the end of which was on the border of a little lake where Farmer Hicky had rows of beautiful flowers growing.

“So Mr. Mole started in to plow up under the earth and made his mounds extend out to the lake. Each night he would make a new one.

“Farmer Hicky became very much worried, for gradually he saw all his vegetables

uprooted and everything torn up and dying. He knew it must be a mole, and he laid all sorts of traps to catch him. But Mr. Mole was too sharp for the farmer, and, besides, he was on the lookout for all such traps, and as Mr. Mole was smart enough to do his work at night the farmer could never catch him moving under the earth and so catch him that way.

“Finally Farmer Hicky got so angry he was raging, and he had all his farm hands trying to locate Mr. Mole and his dogs trying to scent where he was.

“One day the dogs were almost on his trail, but they couldn't scratch up the earth and get under the ground as far as little Mr. Mole could. The dogs went quickly after him, but he beat the dogs right to the lake and jumped in the water and landed on the back of his old friend, Mr. Turtle, and whispered in his ear the tale of his glorious revenge.”

BR'ER RABBIT'S REVENGE ON BR'ER FOX



Br'er Rabbit Was a
Very Little Rabbit.

“I MUST tell you,” began daddy, “about the way old Br'er Rabbit tricked old Br'er Fox.

“One day when Br'er Rabbit was only a little rabbit Br'er Fox played him a most unkind trick.

Br'er Rabbit never forgot it and vowed that one day he would revenge himself.

“You see, it was this way: Br'er Fox considered the rabbit rather a stupid little thing, so he thought it would be fine fun to play a joke on him. He therefore told the little rabbit that he could find a most beautiful clover field where he could gather up all the delicious clover he desired. ‘However,’ said Br'er Fox, ‘you will find it a long distance off and you may get very tired walking there, but you will be well rewarded when you do

reach the field,' and he gave the rabbit full directions how to get there.

"Of course rabbits love clover better than anything in the world, so off the little rabbit started. He walked on and on through the woods, ever and ever so far. He wondered if he would have the strength to get there, for he kept feeling more exhausted at every few steps, and he felt he could never reach the clover field. He remembered, though, that the fox had told him it was a very long distance, and the thought of clover just managed to keep him from dropping down on the ground, he was so tired. At last he saw an opening from the woods. 'Ah, I am almost there!' wearily sighed the little rabbit, and he began to feel better right away and thought the walk home would not be bad at all as long as he had clover to eat all the time. But, to his horror, what do you suppose he saw? Not a sign of clover, but a big field with haystacks and plowed earth and stones! He then said that Br'er Fox had played a very mean joke on him. But it was getting late, and he was always frightened after dark. He sadly and painfully made his way home.

“Well, the little rabbit never forgot this, and when he grew up he vowed he would trick Br'er Fox. Of course Br'er Fox had forgotten about the story of the clover field, and, anyway, he knew Br'er Rabbit had always been somewhat afraid of him. So he was not at all wary when Br'er Rabbit told him of a splendid tree where he would find a deserted beehive and plenty of honey. Br'er Fox smacked his lips together, for honey he adored, and off he went.

“He found the tree and was just putting his nose into the honey when out flew countless bees, who lighted all over his face and tail. Oh, how he yelled with pain! His face was so swollen he could scarcely see, but he went back and called on Br'er Rabbit and said to him:

“‘I deserve this, for I now realize how mean I was to you when you were little. Now we're even, so let's be good friends forevermore.’ And they clasped paws in agreement.”

THE PIG WHO HAD NO TABLE MANNERS



The Pig Would Climb
on the Table.

“OH, daddy, won’t you please tell us a story about yourself when you were a little boy?” asked Jack.

“Well, children, I can’t tell you much that I did, for when I was a boy I lived on a large plantation and my daddy kept me very, very busy attending to a good many of the animals. I had lots of fun, though, for I remember it with a lot of pleasure. Of course, like all children, I had my pet animals, and, now, which do you suppose were my pets?”

“The white rabbits,” chirped up Jack.

“Oh, no,” said daddy; “I claimed the pigs! One little pig, though, caused me a great deal of trouble and worry and also gave his fond mother many sleepless nights, for he was a

great rover and would sneak out of his sty and roam the woods over and over. He did have fine old times, though, for in the woods he'd meet good natured old Br'er B'ar, who took quite a shine to little Look-a-do, as his mother called him, and gave fine parties for him. Look-a-do would dress in his best clothes and go to Br'er B'ar's parties, where the foxes and mountain goats would also be invited. They would have fine things to eat—all kinds of wild birds, acorn pudding, wonderful peanut bread that old B'ar prided himself upon making, honey and persimmon ale instead of water, for that is a very fine drink, even better than lemonade, I imagine.

“The foxes, as you know, are very careful about their table manners and also extremely proud and were quite disgusted with little Piggy Look-a-do's table manners, for instead of saying ‘Thank you,’ he'd just grunt when anything was passed to him. He swallowed his food without chewing it at all. He would reach across the table, and if he couldn't reach a thing he'd climb on the table, much to the horror of all the other animals. Well, in fact, he behaved so badly that all his other

nice mannered playmates simply would not have anything to do with him and just called him 'pig.'

"Even Br'er B'ar couldn't like him because of his bad manners, and finally he just had to go out and root in the ground for something to eat. Of course when he did that he ruined his lovely little clothes, his white shoes and trousers became all muddy, and his little speckled coat got very rusty looking.

"Piggy Look-a-do realized that he was losing his good looks, for his little pink nose looked white and his eyes very dull. He was too proud to return home to his mother, so he wandered through the woods trying to find something to eat. Finally he came to an apple orchard belonging to a mountaineer. This was the end of poor Piggy Look-a-do, for the next day he was killed and came on the table, roasted nice and brown, with a big red apple in his mouth, and made a fine feast for the old mountaineer and his family."



FLORENCE LINDATE

"IF HE COULDN'T REACH A THING HE'D CLIMB ON THE TABLE"—Page 29

THE GOOD AND THE BAD ROOSTER



The Bad Rooster Got
Into a Fight.

JACK'S and Evelyn's favorite uncle had just arrived from Japan, and they had been begging him to tell them a story.

"But I thought daddy always did that," said uncle.

"Oh, he does usually!" answered Jack, "but we'd like to hear one of yours this evening."

"Well, now," said daddy, "it's come to a pretty pass. Here I've been telling you a story every night for ever and ever so long, and now uncle comes along—almost a stranger—and you desert old daddy and ask for one of uncle's stories."

"Oh, we love your stories, daddy!" said Jack and Evelyn.

"You see," said uncle, "it's the new thing we all like."

Daddy laughed and said, "Well, I'll listen, anyway." So uncle began:

"Once upon a time there were two little chickens. One was very good and always did what old Mother Hen told him to, but the other chicken was very bad—would tease his little sisters and fight with his neighbors. His mother warned him, saying, 'Now, if you aren't good some harm will surely come to you.' But the little chicken paid no attention and strutted around, thinking he knew everything there was to know.

"Time went along, and the chickens grew up into roosters. The good chicken turned out to be a very beautiful rooster, with a fine red tuft and perfect feathers. The naughty chicken was not nearly so fine looking, as he had been in so many fights he looked quite scratched and scrawny, and as he had always wandered off and eaten anything he pleased his plumage was not nearly so nice as his brother's.

"One day the bad rooster got in the most awful fight, in which he lost an eye. Oh, how he then yelled for his Mother Hen and

his brother, and they bathed his wounds and tried to comfort him.

“After a few weeks the bad rooster had fully recovered, but he now only had one eye, and he missed ever and ever so many worms that his good brother was able to see and pick up, nor could he run very fast, as he was so apt to stumble and fall. But what made him feel most ashamed was that all the little chickens were shown the difference between the rooster who had always done what his mother had told him to and the bad rooster with only one eye who had always been disobedient.

“The bad rooster was a much older and sadder rooster than his brother, who, of course, still looked fine and young. But he became very kind, and all the little chickens would get him to tell them stories. But they could never forget that he had lost one eye in a fight, and a very peaceable and fine set of roosters resulted from the naughty rooster's sad experiences.”

THE WALTZING MICE AND THEIR OPENING BALL



They Gave a Ball in
Their New Home.

“YOU know,” said daddy, “there are kinds of mice called the waltzing mice.”

“I didn’t know that,” said Jack. “Are they fond of jumping around? Is that why they are called waltzing mice, daddy?”

“No,” continued daddy; “they don’t just jump around and frisk about, but they really dance.”

“Do they waltz just like real people?” asked Evelyn.

“Yes, indeed,” said daddy; “they waltz around and around, but all by themselves, and they dance just as fast as they can. They love it better than anything else. In fact, I think they even care more for waltzing than they do for eating.”

"I didn't know any animal cared more for anything than eating," chimed in Jack.

"Well, the waltzing mice are different. They will waltz all day long, and they never seem to get tired of it.

"Once there were a number of mice who had been living in a cellar of a house. One day one mouse heard one of the grownup people in the house say that they were going to get a big cat and have him live in the cellar, as they had been much disturbed by the sounds of mice and feared they would be overrun by them.

"But this frightened the mice terribly, and they didn't know what they could do. So one of the older ones said he would spend the next day looking around for a new home.

"At night he came back in very high spirits, saying that he had discovered an ideal home and a very grand one. It was in a barn not far from where they were, where there was plenty of room for waltzing and also warm hay for them to sleep in at night. All the mice at once began to waltz around with joy, for they had been worrying about the cat all day long.

“However, the old mouse was very wise and prudent, and he stopped them, saying, ‘We must hurry and get out before the cat is brought here.’ So one by one they filed through a narrow hole and out into a side street, where they scampered after the old mouse to their new, safe home.

“They were perfectly delighted with the barn, which seemed like a palace to them after the dingy cellar, and they all felt so happy and so secure now that they had escaped in time. So they soon cleared away some hay in the center of the barn and sent for a lot of their friends and gave a fine opening ball in their new, beautiful home.”

THE MOLE AND TURTLE OPEN A STORE



The Two Started
a Store.

“I’VE told you, children,”
I said daddy, “how a little
mole, who had got even
with old Farmer Hicky for
plowing off the heads of
his children, had escaped
from the farmer’s angry
hands to his friend, Mr.

Turtle, in the big lake.

“Now, Mr. Turtle was very kind to Mr. Mole, for he knew how sad Mr. Mole felt losing his wife and all his children. However, Mr. Turtle was none too rich, and Mr. Mole had, of course, broken up his old home and was very, very poor. So one day he said to Mr. Turtle: ‘Let’s start a little store on the bank on the other side of the lake.’

“So to work they both set with great vim. Mr. Turtle carried mud on his back of shell and Mr. Mole carried sticks to the spot which

they picked out as the site for the store. Then they began to build. Mr. Turtle had more ideas than Mr. Mole, but Mr. Mole was a better worker. At the end of a few days the store was finished, and Mr. Turtle and Mr. Mole sent around notices printed on leaves which read: 'Fresh fish, fresh fruit, fresh pastry, at the new store. Turtle & Mole Bros.'

"All the animals around began to do their shopping at the new store. The rabbits, molly cottontails, chipmunks, squirrels, toads and frogs all did their marketing there, and each day they bought more and more, for Mr. Turtle and Mr. Mole had such delicious things to sell. They kept the store open all day, and at night they put all their provisions away, while Mr. Turtle went fishing and Mr. Mole got fresh berries and made most wonderful blackberry tarts, and he cooked the most delicious pastry. The animals around would see the smoke curl out of the little stone chimney of the store and would think, 'Ah, there are those delicious pastries being made by Mr. Mole!' and the next day they would all go and buy them.

“The store grew so in wealth that Mr. Turtle and Mr. Mole decided to add a tearoom, which they did. It was most attractively fixed with leaves and blossoms, and for tables they had smooth rocks which they covered with leaves. The afternoon planned for the opening came, and all the animals dressed up in their best. One very dressy old rabbit wore a high silk hat and carried a cane. The animals enjoyed the tearoom so much that every afternoon it was the center of animal fashion and beauty.

“But alas, one night, when all had been going so well, Mr. Mole smelled smoke and, looking out of the door, saw all the woods ablaze and almost reaching their store. Mr. Mole shrieked to Mr. Turtle, ‘The woods are afire!’ and they jumped into the lake and escaped with their lives.

“I’ve often wondered,” continued daddy, “if they ever rebuilt their successful store again, but I fully expect they have ere this.”

BILLY BEAVER'S HOME FOR HIS BRIDE



He Worked
Busily.

“I SUPPOSE,” said daddy, “the most industrious and capable little animal is the beaver, for he can even help grownup men. When men are about to build bridges and they see that beavers are near by they are delighted, for they know beavers enjoy working and will help them greatly with the bridge building, and they’re such a little animal, too, that it is really wonderful how much they can do.

“Billy Beaver had just asked Miss Jennie Beaver to marry him, and as she had consented Billy wanted to build a fine new house for their home. So he wandered all over the woods seeing where he thought the best place would be to have it. Of course he also wanted to be near some water, for the beaver

loves swimming, and he uses the mud at the bottom of lakes and ponds to help him with his building. So at last he settled on the spot. It was in a lovely part of the woods where there were huge pine trees, and near by was a narrow river with mossy banks on either side where he could make plenty of holes in which to hide if he thought he was either being watched or disturbed. Finally he set to work. He first began by burrowing a tree. He arranged to burrow from a certain side so it would fall in the opposite direction, for beavers always arrange in which direction a tree will fall. They are very fussy about the exact spot they want the tree to be, and so they take all this care. Billy Beaver went into the river and dug up some mud. He carried it on his tail and swam to the bank with it. Then he climbed up the bank and left the mud on one side of the tree. This he did again and again, for he wanted plenty of mud to stand on while working. Of course Billy was very small, and he had picked out a huge tree to burrow.

“At last, though, after days and days of very hard work the tree began to waver, and

in a few more days down it fell. Next Billy fixed the inside of his house in the hollow of the tree, and with lots and lots of moss and mud he made it very comfortable, according to his idea of comfort.

“Soon the day came for Jennie Beaver to see her new home, and Billy was wild with excitement wondering how she would like it. Billy wasn't conceited.

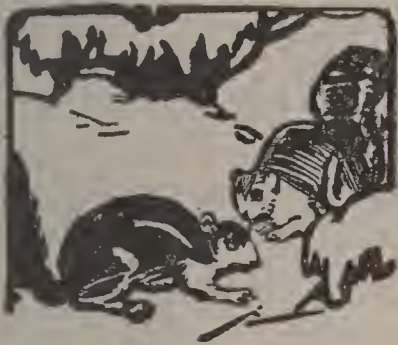
“But Billy could not help being a little proud of his new home, for he had planned it and worked over it with might and main to make it a lovely home.

“When Jennie Beaver arrived Billy could hardly wait to hear what she would say.

“‘Oh,’ she exclaimed, ‘I think it's the most marvelous home I've ever seen, and I think you are the most wonderful beaver!’

“So Billy was well rewarded for his hard work, and he felt himself to be a very lucky beaver.”

THE CHIPMUNKS' AND SQUIRRELS' SNOW BATTLE



"I've come to see you,"
said the Squirrel.

“THE gray squirrels had built a snow fort,” began daddy. “It had all the fortifications of a real fort. It was beautifully banked all the way around, and there was a low, secret tunnel through the snow by which the squirrels could enter without being seen. In the center of the fort there were plenty of fine, round snowballs in readiness for a battle which they hoped would take place any moment, and there were holes in the fort so they could see their enemy. Now, all they wanted was the enemy. And soon the chipmunks, upon seeing the snow fort of the gray squirrels, determined they would build one also, and so they set to work.

“This was just what the gray squirrels wanted, and they were delighted watching the

chipmunks' snow fort being built. The gray squirrels tried to watch and see where the chipmunks would build their secret tunnel. The chipmunks were very careful not to let the gray squirrels find out. When the fort was built the gray squirrels hadn't the faintest idea where the tunnel could be.

"The gray squirrels sent their general, who was a big, fat squirrel, over to the chipmunks' fort. He carried a snowball on a stick, which meant a flag of peace until real war was declared.

"'I've come to see,' said the gray squirrel general in a loud, sharp voice, 'if you'd like to fight.'

"A fat chipmunk, who was their general, looked out of one of the holes and said, 'We'd love to fight.'

"As the gray squirrel general was about to leave the chipmunk general called after him, 'What will we fight about?'

"'Oh, we'll fight about land!' said the gray squirrel. 'If you win you'll own our fort, and if we win we'll own yours.'

"The gray squirrel general returned to his fort to say that war was declared, and they

were all so glad to hear the good news that they squeaked with delight.

“At 3 the battle commenced. Such a furious battle as it was! The snowballs went back and forth from one fort to the other, and such screaming and excitement you never did hear. For over an hour the battle raged, and as neither side seemed to be getting much ahead they climbed on top of their forts and threw the snowballs from there. But neither fort was strong enough to hold so many squirrels and chipmunks, and the forts fell down, and as the snowballs had melted down into nothingness the battle had to be called off.

“But they agreed to have another battle as soon as they had time to rebuild their forts, for they thought snow battles were the greatest fun in the world.”

THE RABBITS' ICEBOATING JOLLIFICATION



The Boats Skimmed
Over the Ice.

“**I** MUST tell you,” said daddy, “about the rabbits’ iceboating party. A big pond, which was very near the field where a great many rabbits lived—in fact, so many rabbits lived in the field that it was called Rabbit village—had frozen over.

“The rabbits wasted no time in sending out invitations for an iceboating party. They had plenty of boards to use as boats, and they made sails out of branches of evergreen trees. The rabbits are devoted to sports and can always think of ways to have the best times imaginable. The rabbits thought they’d have their party in the afternoon, for then the wind blew the strongest and in the evening it was apt to die down.

“There were so many rabbits living in Rab-

bit village that the ones who first thought of the party considered a long time before they decided whether or not they'd invite any outsiders to the party. After a meeting of some of the leading rabbits in the village who had been chosen to decide this important matter it was agreed upon that the possum family would be invited. Now, the possums lived very near the rabbits, so near that they had been able to watch the rabbits make iceboats, and they wondered who would be invited to the party, for they were certain the rabbits were going to give a party. So they were pleased when they received their invitation, and when they got to the party and found that they were the only outside guests invited they were still happier.

"The wind was very high. And, oh, how the boats did skim across the ice! Such squeals of joy as you never heard in all your lives came forth from the rabbits and possums. But, alas, a dreadful accident happened. In sailing over a bit of thin ice the sail of the boat containing Jimmie Possum and Harry Rabbit fell over, and the boat went through the ice. Such a cry as Jimmie

Possum and Harry Rabbit did let off! All the other possums and rabbits hurried to the rescue. Neither Jimmie Possum nor Harry Rabbit were good swimmers, and the water was so cold they would have drowned at once had not old Grandpa Rabbit, with great presence of mind, thrown out a pole, which Jimmie Possum and Harry Rabbit got hold of, and so were pulled out of the ice.

“‘Exercise, exercise; that’s the best thing after falling in the ice!’ cried Grandpa Rabbit. And he produced a bag of skates, which he had brought along in case the wind had gone down or that iceboating had grown tiresome to them.

“So they all skated with as much vim as they had shown in the iceboating, and Jimmie Possum and Harry Rabbit, who both quickly recovered, enjoyed being the heroes of the day.”

THE INDIAN MONGOOSE AND THE WOODSMAN



The Mongoose Jumped
at the Snake.

“TELL us a story about some animal we’ve never heard of before,” asked Jack as daddy was about to begin his bedtime story.

“Let me think,” said daddy; “there are so few animals you two children haven’t seen pictures of, seen in the zoo or heard me tell stories about.”

“Do think of a new one, though. You surely can,” said Evelyn.

“Well, have you ever heard of the Indian mongoose?”

“No,” said Jack. “Tell us about him.”

“Is he an animal or person?” asked Evelyn uncertainly.

“Oh, he is an animal and a very real one,” said daddy. “He’s a great friend to the

woodsman, for he lives always in the woods, and every time he sees a poisonous snake he does his best to kill him.

“I’m going to tell you a special story. One time a young woodsman, with several other friends, came to the part of the woods where the little Indian mongoose I’m going to tell you about lived. In fact, they pitched their tent very, very near the mongoose’s home. This little mongoose lived all alone, and sometimes he used to get pretty lonely. So he was awfully happy to see the woodsman’s camping party, for he was very fond of human people.

“One day the woodsman and his camping party started on a walking trip through the woods. They carried sacks on their backs which held their lunch.

“The little Indian mongoose had watched all their plans without being seen. He said also to himself that he would follow, unseen by them, for he had become attached to his new neighbors. He dreaded the harm that might come to them if they went into some parts of the woods. They had not gone very far when the little mongoose, who was run-

ning ahead, heard a hissing sound and a rustle through the leaves.

"The mongoose pricked up his ears, for, of course, he knew it must be a snake, and the men were almost up to him.

"Without waiting to draw a breath he bravely jumped on the snake and killed him before the creature could shoot forth his poisonous fangs.

"The woodsman and his friends were just in time to see the mongoose kill the snake.

"'You've saved our lives!' cried the woodsman.

"Oh, how pleased the little mongoose was! During the rest of the camping party the little mongoose went on all their walks with them, and when the party broke up the woodsman, who had a lovely country home, took the Indian mongoose home with him. Such good friends as they were! And once a year the mongoose would go along, too, on the camping party."

THE ELEPHANTS' RETURN TO THE CIRCUS



“Let’s escape,” said
one of them.

“AN elephant named Johnovan had lived for many years with a circus,” began daddy, “and one day he made up his mind he was tired of circus life. The traveling at night in close cars along rough roads he hated, and the walking in a parade every morning when he’d not had nearly enough sleep annoyed him very much. Then, of course, there were always two circus performances each day, and, in short, Johnovan thought life was very tiresome and that he’d like to run away. It made him very cross to smell the pot of vegetable soup which was put on to cook during the performances, so that afterward the performers would have something ready to eat. Johnovan always wanted a taste of that soup.

“So he said to the other two elephants who belonged to the circus, ‘Let’s escape.’

“‘How?’ they both shouted in amazement.

“‘Well,’ said Johnovan, ‘I’ll think it over during the performance this afternoon, and this evening we’ll leave in the middle of another act.’

“After the afternoon’s performance Johnovan said: ‘It’s all arranged. We’ll meet back of the big tent just after our march inside. Then all the circus people will be in the tent, and we’ll be able to escape.’

“Of course the one thing in their minds was that they could always do just as they pleased and at the right time they all met back of the big tent.

“‘Follow me,’ said Johnovan, and they linked their trunks together and followed Johnovan for what seemed a terrific distance. Finally he stopped and said, ‘I think we’re safe enough now.’

“So they settled down for the night, and pretty tired they were, for the long tramp had been as tiresome as the train trip, and a little more tired in fact.

“The next day the circus they’d belonged

to pitched the tent not far from the elephants' new home.

“Now, you know that elephants have wonderful memories, and they knew exactly the time the vegetable soup would be put on for cooking. So at the right time when the circus was going on, they quietly went to the back of the tent and took the vegetable soup off the fire. But one of the circus performers came out and saw the missing elephants. The elephants hadn't enjoyed 'camp life,' and they rejoiced at being captured.

“‘You like vegetable soup, do you?’ said the circus performer. ‘Well, you shall have all you want.’

“So the elephants had a splendid meal, the first they'd had since they'd left the circus, after which they performed their tricks during the last act, and all the applause they got made them very happy.”

THE BIG DOG WHO WAS FRIGHTENED BY A BUG



He Leaped Out of the Window.

“WELL, daddy, we’re all ready for our story. What’s it going to be about to-night?” exclaimed Jack and Evelyn as daddy came into their room.

“Dear me,” sighed daddy; “you two dear little children will barely let me get my breath!”

“Oh, daddy,” said Evelyn, “we don’t mean to be selfish, but your story is the nicest part of the day, and we look forward to bedtime because of that.”

“Neither of you is selfish, and I’m a very happy daddy to have two such nice children to whom to tell stories.”

Daddy smiled and began: “To-day from my office window in the city I saw quite an interesting thing. You know, the roofs of

the houses and buildings are so near together that they are almost like a sidewalk. One could really quite easily walk from one roof to the other.

“Well, there was a big brown dog sitting by an open window overlooking the roof. What should he spy but a brown bug which looked very much like a beetle. The dog was very much interested in the bug.

“Well, he stepped out of the window and on the roof. There he sat watching the bug with a fixed gaze. He evidently was rather afraid of it, for he'd step a little nearer and then sit down again as if to say:

“‘I'm not going to take any chances. That may be a beautiful bug to look at, but he may be a poisonous one.’

“However, he was very curious, for he'd apparently never seen just such a bug before. It was the funniest thing, though, to see the bug. He was enjoying the sunshine very much and was quite indifferent to the dog. The dog neither frightened nor interested him.

“After a little while the dog began to bark at the bug. But still the bug paid no atten-

tion, and this annoyed the dog so much that he began to bark quite furiously. However, the bug enjoyed the sunshine too much to leave it, and the dog gave up barking, for the bug finally decided to move; not at all as if he were being frightened away, but just as if he thought it was time to be going home.

“The dog followed along the roof, but keeping quite a little distance behind. After the bug had walked over to the second roof, to his horror the dog saw the bug had a big family and his home was in a hole near a chimney.

“The great big dog fled from the little bugs and disappeared again through the open window.

“So the little brown bug, who was really quite harmless, was safe from the big dog because he acted so indifferently.”

THE DEVOTED BUNNY BONNIE RABBIT



He Bounded on the
Bed.

“**B**UNNY RABBIT was very young. He’d only just left home. His mother had been caught in a horrid, cruel trap and had been killed. So Bunny was left all alone. His daddy didn’t care for such a little, ugly black and white rabbit, and his brothers and sisters considered themselves too grown up for him,” daddy began.

“Poor Bunny was heartbroken at the death of his mother rabbit, and the tears fell fast from his little pink eyes.

“A little girl named Marjery happened to be taking a walk by herself. She was enjoying the wind and the cool air and thought walking was a splendid amusement. Suddenly she spied the lonely Bunny. ‘Oh, you

darling little Bunny!' she called. 'You look so lonely. Come with me. I've always longed for a pet Bunny rabbit. I shall call you Bunny Bonnie, and you'll come home and be my pet Bunny, won't you?' Bunny Bonnie couldn't answer, of course, but he nestled close in her arms as she picked him up. It felt so soothing to have some one comfort him and pet him again. And Bunny Bonnie lived in a home Marjery had made for him in her own little garden.

"Marjery still took many walks, but always brought back to Bunny Bonnie a present. It was something to eat, as they were the presents Bunny Bonnie loved best.

"But on one of these walks Marjery wandered into the woods where the snow was melting and got her feet very wet. When she came home she was sneezing frantically, and by evening she had developed a high fever and was aching all over. The next day she was so ill that the doctor had to be sent for.

"Marjery's mother promised her that she would feed Bunny Bonnie just the same as usual. But somehow Bunny didn't feel hungry. He couldn't understand why Marjery

didn't come to him, and all day long he had no heart for playing.

"Marjery's mother had tried to tempt Bunny Bonnie with goodies to eat. But, no; Bunny Bonnie was a changed rabbit! He would not play nor would he eat, and finally Marjery's mother decided she'd take him to Marjery's bedroom.

"So she took Bunny Bonnie up in her arms and carried him into the house and up into Marjery's room. Never did you see such a changed rabbit! He bounded on the bed and frisked and jumped about with joy.

"He plainly showed his joy. He was more than happy, for in his little rabbit way he had worried frightfully over the absence of Marjery. He just got up by her on the pillow and nestled down by her shoulder. Then he ate the clover Marjery gave him."

THE SPRING WORK FOR THE SQUIRRELS



They Found Plenty
of Nuts.

“A LITTLE girl named Gwen had fixed a squirrel house on a pear tree near an old apple tree. From the little house the squirrels could jump about the branches, and that is what squirrels enjoy doing. They certainly had the most beautiful time playing,” said daddy as he began Jack’s and Evelyn’s story.

“Now, the apple tree was near Gwen’s bedroom, and the squirrels could jump from the apple tree to her window sill, where they were very likely to find nuts waiting for them.

“When the days began to get a little warmer Gwen hung just outside the window sill a little hammock and waited to see if the squirrels would dare to swing in it. Having all the nuts Gwen put on her window sill and seeing

her do such kind things so often made them pretty tame. And, too, they appeared to realize that it was Gwen who had seen to the building of the little house.

“But the hammock seemed very strange to them at first. However, one very brave squirrel thought he'd try it and jumped into the hammock. Gwen was watching back of a curtain, and it was all she could do to keep from crying aloud with joy, for she was so pleased that one of the squirrels was actually using her little hammock. After awhile the other squirrels tried it.

“Before long one of the old squirrels began to scold for all he was worth. Oh, he was very much annoyed, and all the squirrels stopped swinging in the hammock. They seemed to be paying great attention to the old squirrel, and Gwen wondered what it was all about.

“The old squirrel was the leader, and he was the one who always gave the directions and did all the managing. This, in squirrel language, was what he said:

“‘Now, don't you know you can't spend all your time idling! You are the laziest lot of



“ ‘THIS IS THE SEASON FOR US TO TAP THE SIRUP FROM THE MAPLE TREES, AND YOU ARE SPENDING YOUR TIME SWINGING IN A HAMMOCK.’ ”

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squirrels I have ever known. Don't you know that you must get to work? This is the season for us to tap the sirup from the maple trees, and you are spending your time swinging in a hammock. It is all very well to play, but then there is work to be done. We don't want to waste our time and let all the good sap go, do we? And you really do want the maple sirup, don't you?"

"Off they started to scamper to the nearest maple tree. Gwen put on her hat and coat and followed along to see what they were going to do. They got all the sap they wanted and smacked their lips over it. They enjoyed the work really, for it meant getting their tails to follow, and they were glad the wise old squirrel had told them about it in plenty of time."

THE WOLVES WHO DREADED A ZOO LIFE



He Dropped His Bag
of Food and Fled.

“IT was very wild and lonely in the dark woods where Johnnie Wolf and his family lived. But he was a home body and liked to be alone with his family. The people in the nearest village had heard that a family of wolves lived in the forest, so do you blame them for not going there?” said daddy.

“I should say not,” said Jack. “I should think they would have been afraid that the wolves would plunder their village at night. I have heard of wolves doing such things, haven’t you, daddy?”

“Yes,” said daddy, “I have, and newcomers to the village used to be very much frightened that this might happen. They would be as-

sured by the villagers that such a thing never had happened and never would happen, but still for a long time they would be afraid.

“The wolves were perfectly satisfied with the woods and had no desire to leave. They could get all they wanted to eat there, and really they thought that people were not at all nice. You see, Johnnie Wolf had told them how his great-aunt had been taken by some traveling men and sent to spend the rest of her life in a zoo. They all dreaded a similar fate for themselves, and so they really were very much afraid of people.

“Now, one of the newcomers in the village said that he didn't believe that there were wolves in the woods. He said that he had never heard of wolves living near a village and not going to it at night to steal. You see, he didn't know the reason the wolves had for not going to the village.

“He then decided that he would go and find out for himself. The people all told him how foolish he was, but he insisted, and off he went.

“He took a bag with food in it. He meant to fling it at any wolves he might see so they

wouldn't touch him. But he didn't really think that he would see any.

“He had not gone very far, however, when he heard really frightful sounds. It was merely the wolves having a little chat together, but to the man it sounded very awful, and he wished with all his soul that he had taken the advice of the people in the village.

“The wolves suddenly spied him. They all put their paws over their eyes so they could see the intruder better. The man looked at them with a fixed gaze by which wild animals are always supposed to be fascinated. Then he dropped his bag of food and fled through the woods to the village, shouting, ‘There are wolves!’

“And the wolves howled to themselves and to one another, ‘Saved from a zoo!’ ”

THE BROWN COTTON TAIL RABBIT



The Brown Cotton
Tails Listened.

“YOU know,” said the brown cotton tail rabbit, whose name was Mr. Fuzzy Brown Cotton Tail, “I don’t like to brag or boast, but I do think our family are the most sensible and the bravest animals there are in the world.”

“I agree with you perfectly,” said Mrs. Fuzzy Brown Cotton Tail.

“You see,” continued Mr. Fuzzy Brown Cotton Tail, “all winter the raccoon snoozes in a beech tree. The gray and red squirrels have luxurious nooks, always near their private and well filled storehouses. The chipmunks in their slightly underground homes always prepare beforehand for the hard, cold winter. The muskrats build their huts beneath the ice and are just as warm under there

as if the ice were the warm sun. Even the bloodthirsty weasel is lazy. The fox does far less hunting and a great deal more sleeping, which is very stupid of him, but we—well, we are always wideawake and busy too.”

Now, as Mrs. Fuzzy Brown Cotton Tail agreed with him and as the little brown cotton tail rabbits all agreed with him, there was no argument to be had, which was really what Mr. Fuzzy Brown Cotton Tail wanted. So he continued to talk, for he enjoyed it very much.

“Now, you see,” he continued, “when spring comes and the warm days are here the animals who have been lazy and sleeping all winter in warm beds begin to think of getting up. The warm rains, the bright sun and the springing up of all the little tender shoots in the woods make them all feel just like getting up.

“But just imagine—think of what they’ve missed! They have had none of the fun of hunting for their food when it’s hard to get. They simply find out the easiest way to live and then live that way. Fancy getting all your food months in advance! It’s ridiculous, and it doesn’t show character. It’s character

to stay awake all winter and hurry around when it's cold to get breakfast and to resist the wintry winds and snows and say to ourselves that we won't be beaten by a cold day. Then when spring does come we enjoy plucking up the tender plants that grow in the woods, and we enjoy the young buds."

Now, all the little brown cotton tails listened to his speech with a great deal of interest and admiration. So they jumped up and down and said, "Fine, fine!"

Mr. Fuzzy Brown Cotton Tail was so set up at his own speech that he was pleased at the applause of the little rabbits.

"The reason I'm telling you all this," he continued once more, "is because I want you all to feel grateful, to be glad that you're not foxes or weasels or muskrats, but just to be glad that you're brown cotton tail rabbits."

HOW THE CAT'S BANQUET STOPPED THE TRAFFIC



The Cat Picked the
Choicest Meat.

JACK and Evelyn used to often wonder why daddy never seemed to say anything about the traffic in the city. When they went to the city they were always at first afraid of all the noise and the quantities of cars and autos and trucks that moved so quickly along the streets.

After they'd been there awhile they realized that everything was managed so beautifully by the big policeman that there was nothing to be frightened at. But they always thought seeing so much traffic was wonderful.

"Everything does go just like clockwork in the city, doesn't it, daddy?" said Evelyn.

"Yes," said daddy; "it certainly does, as a rule. But I must tell you of a funny thing that happened one evening in a very busy part of the city.

“A cat discovered there was a tiny piece of glass broken in the window of a butcher shop. Now, you can just imagine how quickly the cat got through that window!

“There was one light burning in the shop, although, of course, the shop was closed for the night. And then didn't the cat have a feast! Never before had she known the joy of having everything she wanted to eat at one time with no stopping.

“Some people saw what a good time the cat was having and stopped to watch her. And then more and more people stopped, they were so amused.

“It was just like seeing a funny play to see the cat pick out the choicest morsels of meat and play with them and then eat them.

“The crowd of people grew more and more. The street became so crowded that no one could pass by. Soon it was so thick with people that the cars and autos could not pass.

“After the cat had eaten as much as she wanted of all of the butcher's large supply of good things a watchman suddenly appeared on the scene.

“With the help of a great many men the

watchman finally succeeded in getting the crowd to move, and then he got into the shop. But the cat simply flew out of the window again and disappeared into a side alley, where probably she lived, as a rule, on bits she could pick up.

“Such a looking butcher shop as it was now, for even if the cat had not quite eaten everything she had tried everything, and she had eaten a surprising amount even for a hungry cat.

“‘Well,’ said one person who had been watching the cat, ‘I think that that cat is the cleverest one I’ve ever seen. Not only does she want to eat, but she knows just when to escape in time after a splendid meal, and, what’s more wonderful than everything else, she stopped the traffic of cars and autos and trucks and people who might have been in a hurry to get somewhere.’”

WHAT THE REAL RABBITS THINK OF THE CHOCOLATE ONES



He Became Quite
Angry.

DADDY was certainly right on time this evening for his bedtime story, and he had a story he wanted to tell right away.

“You know,” said he, “some bunny rabbits and molly cottontails and jack rabbits were almost bursting their sides laughing in the woods to-day.

“‘Now, you’ll admit,’ old Grandpa Jack Rabbit was saying, ‘that that is the best joke you ever did hear.’

“‘Yes, we think so,’ said the molly cottontails.

“The rest of the bunnies were laughing so hard they couldn’t answer.

“‘Really people are very silly, and they have such a funny idea as to what we look like. But imagine making bunnies out of

chocolates!' And then they burst out laughing again.

" 'If you could have seen them,' continued old Grandpa Jack Rabbit, 'you'd have certainly thought they were funny. You see, it was this way: It was very early in the morning, and I wanted to go through the village, as I'd heard the grocer had in a fresh supply of fine lettuce. I thought if I did my shopping very early I'd manage to secure a few nice leaves for our luncheon to-day. Before I got to the grocer's, though, what should I see but a huge big cardboard rabbit sitting up in the candy shop, and then in the window, besides, were just countless rabbits made out of chocolate. Imagine, did you ever hear of anything so foolish? And chickens made out of chocolate too! Chocolate eggs, too, but that's a bit more sensible. I really think it is quite an insult to us. And they looked so absurd! If they had done us justice then I wouldn't have thought so much about it. But they didn't make us look nearly so handsome and good looking as they should have.

" 'Now, you take chickens. They are queer looking anyway. But a rabbit is different.

There is something so grand looking about a rabbit.'

"Old Grandpa Jack Rabbit was really getting quite angry. He'd forgotten about the joke of it and only thought of the insult to his family. So the rest of the rabbits said:

" 'Well, after all, it's a pretty good joke.' And then Grandpa Jack Rabbit began to laugh again.

" 'But, grandpa,' piped up one of the little bunnies, 'you've told us all about the chocolate bunnies that children eat on Easter, and you haven't told the little bunnies if you got what you went for.'

" 'Dear, dear,' said grandpa, 'the fresh green lettuce! After all, I didn't forget about our Easter luncheon, for, even though I was pretty mad about all those chocolate bunnies, I remembered to reach the grocer's in time to get some lettuce. So now we'll have our Easter luncheon.' "

HOW THE KEEPER SAVED THE FAWN'S LIFE



Put Her Head on the
Keeper's Shoulder.

JACK and Evelyn sometimes went on trips to the zoo with daddy, but they hadn't been there for ever so long. So when daddy came home they spoke about it.

"I know," said daddy, "we haven't been for a long, long time, that's very true, but we'll surely go soon.

"First, though, I must tell you the story I heard of one of the deers in the zoo.

"This mother deer had a beautiful young fawn, and, oh, she was so proud of her beautiful child! She gave the fawn all the attention that any devoted mother deer could.

"One day, alas, the fawn, who was somewhat delicate, caught a terrific cold. The mother deer was frightened, and by evening the fawn's cough was dreadful. Now, the keeper had fed all the animals, and they had gone to bed

for the night. But the deer cried so piteously that the good, kind keeper, whose own home was near by, knew that something was the matter.

“When he reached the little home of the mother deer and her beautiful fawn he found the mother deer leaning her head sadly against the wire door, and the fawn had her head by her mother’s side.

“‘Oh, my child, my beautiful child, is ill! She has such a dreadful cold, and I’m afraid she’ll die! Oh, what can you do for her?’ wailed the deer.

“The keeper understood perfectly, and he took a big warm rug and put it right over the fawn. Then he went back to his home and heated some milk, which he came back with and fed slowly to the deer.

“The keeper sat up all night with the fawn, giving her warm milk and keeping her well covered. She did look so sick, and her big eyes looked so pleading! They seemed to say:

“‘Oh, Mr. Keeper, save me so I won’t have to leave my mother!’

“And as the keeper began to soothe the

fawn the mother deer looked on and seemed so relieved.

“In the morning the fawn’s cold was ever so much better. It had almost entirely disappeared, and by afternoon, as the fawn had been in the sun all the morning, she was really quite herself again.

“Once more her big eyes looked happy, and the mother deer, when the keeper came to bring them their supper that night, put her head on the keeper’s shoulder and cried—a very different cry from the night before. She cried for joy because her lovely fawn was alive and well, and she cried on the keeper’s shoulder because she knew the keeper had saved her beautiful child’s life.”

HOW THE BUNNY RABBIT FOOLED THE DOG



Spot Rushed For the
Mud Mound.

JACK and Evelyn reminded daddy that he hadn't told them a story for ever so long about a bunny rabbit.

"And we're sure you know just heaps of them, don't you, daddy?"

"Yes. Now that I think of it," said daddy, "I have an especially funny one to tell you.

"There was once a little rabbit named Spot. He was a little gray rabbit. You see, over one eye he had a little round white spot, which was the only part of him not gray, so that when he was a wee bunny he had been given the name of Spot by his family.

"Now, Spot was a great traveler. His sisters and brothers had moved to other parts of the country, and he was all by himself.

“He was very fond of travel, so he did a great deal of it. He would go from one wood to another.

“One time he struck a very unfortunate neighborhood. From outward appearances it was most delightful. Alas, though, he did not know that there was near by a dog. This dog had the reputation of being very fond of chasing rabbits.

“Spot felt quite certain that he had picked out a place where there were no dogs for miles around, and yet there was one less than a quarter of a mile away.

“It didn't take the dog long to find out that Spot had moved to the neighborhood.

“The next morning, bright and early, the dog was up. However, Spot was up still earlier. He had climbed to the top of a hill where he had seen some very fine clover sprouting above the ground.

“Suddenly Spot saw the dog starting to run up the hill. Near by Spot saw a muddy mound. He rushed for it, and before the dog had time to get up the hill, for it was a long, steep one, Spot had burrowed into the mud and patted the part over with his paw where

he had got through it, and there he was safe and sound inside the mud ball.

“When the dog got to the top of the hill he could see no sign of the rabbit. He looked everywhere. Of course it was slightly hot inside the mud ball, but the rabbit had one very tiny air hole. And he felt safe too. The dog thought he smelt something like a bunny near the muddy mound, but he saw no sign of the rabbit. The little Spot, who had traveled so much, was too clever for the dog, and after the dog wandered away, disgusted and disappointed, little Spot got out of his hiding place, through which even the dog couldn't sniff at him, and laughed hard all by himself. But that night Spot started off for a new home, as he didn't want to run any risks.”

HOW THE PIG SAVED THE OLD WOMAN



The Pig Began to
Squeal.

EVELYN had seen some very cunning little pink baby pigs that day, and she thought it would be lovely to have a little pig as a pet. Jack didn't think it would be so nice.

When daddy came home Evelyn's first question was, "Daddy, don't you think it would be lovely to own a little pet pig?"

"I think," Jack added, almost before Evelyn had finished asking her question, "that pigs aren't nice pets at all. They grow up too soon, and they lose their cunning baby looks. Don't they, daddy?"

"Yes," said daddy; "pigs are nicest on a farm. A farm wouldn't be complete without pigs, and the little ones are certainly very cunning.

"But just think how very lonely a little pig would be all by himself! And, what would be more annoying, just think how he would squeal!"

"I don't believe," said Evelyn, "that I do want a pig, after all. Not as a pet, anyway."

"Now that we've decided that we won't have a pig as a pet, I think I will have to tell you the story of the old woman who did have a pig as a pet.

"This story shows how a pig's squealing, by the way, did once do a great deal of good.

"Once there lived an old woman all alone with her pig, and she had one great fault. She was very careless about fire and never cared where she threw her matches after she had lighted her fire.

"She made all manner of fun of the people who thought she was careless. But one time she learned a very good lesson, and she realized then that one cannot be too careful with fire.

"She was on her way to bed and before getting into bed lighted a fire in a little stove. Instead of throwing her match into the fire she threw it in the waste paper basket.

"The waste paper basket was full of scraps of paper, and slowly the match began to smolder. The old woman meantime went sound, sound asleep.

"Now, the pig had a basket to sleep in by the old woman's bed. He smelt the smoke and thought it was a very queer smell. But as the old woman seemed to be sleeping so quietly he thought he would not disturb her just to find out what the queer burning smell meant.

"Suddenly it burst into flames. Then the pig set up the noisiest, most constant squealing you ever heard. The neighbors were all awakened by it, and, seeing what the trouble was, the fire department was called right out.

"The old woman was saved, but if it had not been for the pig's squealing, which was so easily heard, she would have burned to death. After that she was pretty careful where she threw her matches, and she was more devoted to her pet pig than ever before."

THE LITTLE WHITE FOOTED MOUSE GETS INTO TROUBLE



He Got His Feet
Muddy.

EVELYN had always been fond of little mice. She thought they were so cunning and had such appealing little ways. So daddy thought it would be a good plan to tell the children a little mouse story for a change.

“I’m going to tell you this evening,” began daddy, “about the little mice who have white feet.”

“White feet?” cried both the children at once.

“Are they only found in zoos?” asked Evelyn.

“Oh, no,” said daddy; “indeed, no! They are very active and are not at all like the waltzing mice, for instance, who don’t mind if they are caged so long as they have a little place to dance on. The white footed mice

are very fond of the outdoor life. They live in nests, just like birds. Quite often, too, they will take the deserted nest of some bird and fix it up a little bit and then live in it. They always pick out a nest, though, that is in a bush.

“The family of white footed mice that I’m going to tell you about were very happy, and there was one little mouse who was the pet of all.

“One day, though, a sad mishap befell him. His sisters and brothers had gone off food hunting. As he had a cold he stayed home. Toward noon it was warm and sunny, and the little mouse thought he’d take a nice walk.

“So he got out of his comfy nest and started off. But on his walk he got into a swamp. When he saw he was on swampy ground he tried to get off it quickly, but at each step he’d get further and further into it. He did not get in so deeply that it was dangerous at any time, but he got in deeply enough to get his beautiful white feet all dirty and muddy.

“He was heartbroken to see his feet so muddy, for the white footed mice greatly admire their own feet.

“He reached home before his family did and tried to get the mud off.

“He was making his feet look nice and clean again when his family came home. They found him scrubbing his feet, and they asked him how he had managed to get them so muddy. So then he told them about his walk and how he got into a swamp.

“Of course they didn't mind as long as he hadn't caught any more cold, and they thought it was quite a joke. He took the joke well and laughed with them.

“After his feet were white once more his brothers and sisters felt quite disappointed, for they had had such fun in calling him ‘Little Black Foot.’ And he had thought it was a very funny name to be called too!

“He told his family, though, that he thought he would not go on any more walks alone, as his feet didn't seem to know where to take him.”

HOW THE LITTLE PIGS ENJOYED THE CLOUDS



Off In the Air They
Went.

STRANGELY enough, daddy had never told the children a story about an airship, and certainly, he said to himself, another story must not be told about anything before he told an aeroplane story.

Jack loved to get hold of all the pictures he could to see just how the aeroplanes did look and how they really did fly. So when daddy told them he had an aeroplane story for them both Jack and Evelyn were delighted.

“I am going to tell you this evening,” said daddy, “a story about three little pigs and their ride in an airship.

“There was a young man who owned an airship. But besides this he also had a small farm, and three little young pigs had just been added to it.

“The young man thought the little pigs were so cunning that he hardly wanted to leave them, even for his airship, of which, of course, he was very fond. So the only thing left for him to do, he decided, was to take the little pigs for a trip in the airship.

“When he asked the little pigs if they would like to fly with him they did look very much surprised, but as they didn't know what to say they gave their usual answer of a squeal, but it sounded like a strong and enthusiastic squeal. So he picked them up and put them into the waiting airship.

“So off into the air, up near the clouds they went. The little pigs were not at all frightened, and they seemed to like the clouds. The young man decided that they must like extreme things, for they liked to get under the earth, and they seemed to very much enjoy getting way up in the air.

“Of course they squealed, but they squealed for joy, and they were just as good as could be.

“When they got to the earth again after a good, long trip they really seemed to be very much disappointed that such a fine trip had come to an end.

“Then when they got to the barnyard once more you should have heard the noise. Of course the pigs had to tell all the other animals about their trip, and the more they talked the louder were their voices.

“Of course they wanted to brag to the other animals of how much more of the world they had seen than any of them, for, though, you might not believe it to be so, pigs are really very conceited.”

“Well,” said Jack, “I would be pretty proud myself if I had ever been up in an airship.”

“So would I,” of course agreed Evelyn.

“Well,” laughed daddy, “then the pigs win, for they did see the clouds, and we agree that it wasn't conceited of them to be proud of their trip.”

THE DOG WITH THE PERFECT TABLE MANNERS



Refused to Eat With-
out a Napkin.

DADDY had heard of a dog who had perfect table manners.

“Now, what would you think of a dog who insisted upon always having a table napkin?” he asked Jack and Evelyn.

“I wouldn’t like that kind of a dog,” said Jack. “I don’t like dogs that are so fussy. One always thinks of them as being brave and above such things as table napkins.”

“Well,” continued daddy, “I do not really think it was the fault of this dog that he was fussy.

“You see, he belonged to a funny old lady. This old lady had the strange idea that a dog should behave just like a person, which is really very absurd, because it stands to reason

that a dog should behave like a dog and a person like a person.”

At this Jack and Evelyn laughed, and daddy joined in too.

“This old lady lived all alone in a very small house. The house had only one floor, and it looked so small you wondered how any one could ever get in it. But then, when you looked at the old lady, you were not a bit surprised, for she was the tiniest person.

“Now her dog was a great contrast to both the old lady and the little house. The dog was a very big one. He was black and white and looked just twice as huge as the old lady.

“But the funniest thing was that the old lady would never let this dog go out by himself. She always went out with him, and he was on a short leash.

“When mealtime came the old lady would put a napkin around her dog's neck, and they would both sit at a low table and eat together. And the dog would never try to eat, even if he saw food in front of him, until his napkin was put around his neck.”

“That does sound funny, certainly,” said

Evelyn. "And to think that the dog liked it seems very funny indeed."

"Well, you see, he just got in the habit of being fussy like the old lady. And then, though he was so big, he was quite old himself.

"At night he would sleep on a sofa at the foot of the old lady's bed, and if any one should ring the doorbell of their little house at night—well, you should have heard the barking. So he did have some spirit, after all, and would not have let anything happen to the old lady for anything in the world."

"Well," said Jack, "I am glad you told us one good point the big dog had, for I wouldn't have liked him much, just hearing about his fussiness. After all, I don't believe there is ever a dog, no matter how strangely he is brought up, that hasn't something nice about him."

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO RODE THE BEAR



The Man Sang, and
the Bear Danced.

PERHAPS being brought up with Jack and entering into all the things that Jack did had made Evelyn very fearless. Jack never tried to frighten her, so that she never thought about being afraid of anything. He would take her for wonderful coasts in the express carts, and as long as Jack did the steering Evelyn always felt absolutely safe.

So daddy thought it would be rather amusing to tell the children of a little girl he had once seen ride a bear. He began thus:

“One day there came to the village where this little girl lived a man with a performing bear. The man would sing a song which sounded like ‘Ah, duddy-ung, duddy-ung, dung, dey,’ and the bear would dance around

on his hind legs. Then, of course, the people would throw the bear pennies.

“Now the man became annoyed because he did not get more money. So he said he would have the bear climb a pole for any one who would give him 10 cents. Some one gave 10 cents and up the pole the bear scrambled.

“Then more dancing followed, but the people became rather tired of it, and the man had to think of something quite new with which to amuse the people so he would make more money.

“He called out to the crowd:

“‘Now, whoever will give me a twenty-five cent piece may have a ride on the bear. He is quite safe and will not harm any one. Come along, come along! Who wants to ride the bear?’

“As you might think, nobody was particularly anxious to ride the bear. But the man discovered that there was some kind of a discussion going on between some people. So once more he called out:

“‘The person who takes this ride will be given a good, long one—all the distance to the next corner.’

"That was practically a block, and that is really quite a distance to ride on a bear as I found out by watching the little girl who finally did ride him. She had a lot of trouble keeping on."

"Did the little girl finally ride him?" asked Evelyn.

"Yes," said daddy. "One little girl in the crowd was begging her big brother to give her 25 cents so she could ride the bear. She longed to ride one, as she thought it would be lots of fun, and she wasn't a bit frightened. Her big brother thought the bear looked very mild and so he finally gave in.

"The little girl thought she had never had such fun in her life, and she quite felt like a real circus performer with the crowds of people following and watching her. As she had always thought circus performers were wonderful people she quite enjoyed making believe she was one."

THE SPOILED LLAMA OF THE BARNYARD



“Whoa! Stop!” the
man cried.

JACK and Evelyn seemed to be in the best of spirits, so when daddy came in he said:

“It is plain to be seen that I must tell you a funny story this evening. Well, that is all right, I

have one ready for you.

“Now, you may think that a llama is a very funny thing to have in a barnyard with the other barnyard animals.

“The way he happened to come to the barnyard in the first place was this: The farmer who owned all the animals went one time on a long trip. On this trip he saw a most beautiful llama, who struck his fancy.

“So he bought the llama and took him back to his home.

“A number of his friends told him that

they greatly feared that the llama would not get along with the other animals, but the man was willing to run the risk, for he was bent on owning the llama.

“When they got home the llama thought he had never seen so many strange animals in his life, and the other animals thought the same of him. Well, you know, animals have keen senses of humor. And the laughter in the barnyard was the noisiest laughter that ever was heard. And, of course, the llama didn't mind being laughed at, as he could laugh just as hard at the other animals.

“Now, the man thought that the llama would enjoy being driven. He thought the animal could carry things around the farm.

“So after he had been there a few days the llama was hitched to a cart and given the milk bottles to carry and the pails of milk.

“The llama started off at the wildest speed. He went so fast that all the milk spilled over the barnyard, and no one could stop him, and the man cried:

“ ‘Whoa, whoa! Stop!’

“But the llama kept right on. He came to a steep and very rocky bank. The man

thought surely that would stop him, but not at all. The llama was used to climbing higher rocks than these. In fact, they seemed no more than pebbles to him. And up he went until the cart broke and fell down the bank.

“Then the llama turned and went back to the barnyard where the other animals stood with their mouths open, watching him.

“The llama, when he got back, said to the man in llama talk:

“‘You bought me for my beauty, so I will not be made useful.’

“And although the man could not understand llama talk, as a rule, he understood what the llama meant this time.

“Never again did he, at any rate, try to make the llama useful.”

THE DOG'S MASTER WON THE CASE



“How dare you take my dog?” he said.

THE stories about dogs always delighted Evelyn, and daddy knew she would be pleased when he said:

“I have a story to tell you to-night about a dog.”

“Hurrah!” said Evelyn, and Jack looked just as greatly pleased as Evelyn.

“There was once a man who had a little dog to which he was very devoted. Now, this dog was very cunning and had such a pretty face that every one noticed him. People passing by the master and his dog would say:

“‘Did you ever see such a dear little dog?’

“But, alas, one day some one who thought he was a very good looking little dog and that he would no doubt bring a good price stole him.

"The master was heartbroken. He looked everywhere for his little dog and put advertisements in the papers with a very clear description of just what his dog looked like.

"Two days had passed when he saw his dog on the street, being taken on a leash by a very disagreeable looking man to a dog shop.

"With a bound the dog wrenched himself from the leash and jumped up on his master with the delight that only a dog can show.

"The master petted him and took him up in his arms, and the dog nestled down so happily.

"'How dare you take my dog?' said the disagreeable looking man.

"'It seems to act as if it were my dog, doesn't it?' asked the dog's master.

"'Well, it's not. You probably showed the dog a piece of bone, for you will admit you would like to own such a fine looking dog. That was a very clever trick of yours, but it won't do. I shall go to the judge about this.'

"'Do,' said the master, who wasn't a bit frightened, now that he safely had his little dog in his arms.

“Together they went to the courthouse. There they waited until the judge could hear their case.

“The disagreeable man talked better than the master, but the judge was wise, and he knew how to decide the matter.

“‘It will be proved,’ said he, ‘who owns the dog by the dog himself.’

“All this time the judge had been holding the dog on the end of his leash.

“He patted the dog and said, ‘Now, you tell us who is your master.’ With that he let go of the dog.

“Just at that moment the disagreeable looking man pulled an old bone out of his pocket and held it toward the dog.

“But the dog never so much as sniffed at it, for with a bound he had jumped up on his real master, and the judge said:

“‘The dog has decided the case for me. Now you may all go.’”

THE ELEPHANTS CELEBRATE THE HOLIDAY



The Elephants
Played Ball.

OF course it was very natural that Jack and Evelyn should enjoy every holiday that came along. But daddy wanted to tell them how the elephants in the zoo were planning to spend Decoration day.

“They are going to have a real holiday,” commenced daddy, “and they have been practising for it for weeks. You have no idea the trouble they have taken to make themselves ready for the big event.”

“Daddy,” chimed in Jack, “you haven’t told us what the big event is to be.”

“No; that is true,” said daddy. “But I will tell you right away. The big event is to be a baseball game. The elephants heard all the different little boys who came to look at them in the zoo talking about the fun of play-

ing baseball in the spring. The elephants thought it would be just as much fun for them to play baseball in the spring too.

“Now, the keeper knew at once something was wrong with those elephants. He knew it was something they wanted in the way of amusement, too, for they were not the least bit ill and showed, in fact, how well they were by their splendid appetites.

“So the keeper thought and thought, and finally he discovered what it was. He was just about to give the elephants their supper one day as a group of boys were standing near by.

“The boys were talking of the fine game they would surely have the next afternoon. At the word ball the elephants hung their heads way down and threw their trunks around in a very unhappy manner.

“‘I know what is the matter with them,’ said the keeper to himself. ‘They have the spring fever, baseball. Well, if that is all that is making them unhappy I will see to it that they have all the baseball they want.’

“The very next day, much to the surprise and delight of the elephants, a mask, a glove

and a bat and ball were presented to the elephant which was always considered the leader by the others.

“You can imagine how excited they were, and you should have seen how queerly they did play at first. But they had such fun that their happiness was a perfect delight to the keeper.

“Then they heard that there was to be a holiday on the 30th day of May.

“‘We’ll have a holiday, too,’ said they. ‘We will have a ball game, and any one who wants to see us play may come with pleasure.’

“And this is what they have been practising for, so that to-morrow they will have their holiday game.

“And the keeper, who has a secret idea that they are preparing for a special game to-morrow, has in turn prepared a special supper for them and for all the animals because it is a holiday.”

THE LITTLE PIG WHO WAS STUNG



Snook John Was a Spoiled Pig.

JACK and Evelyn had been to a party that afternoon and were quite tired and sleepy. But they wanted their story just as soon as daddy came upstairs.

“What in the world will I tell you about to-night?” asked daddy.

“Oh,” laughed Jack, “you know you have a story ready for us! Now, haven’t you, daddy?”

“Well, maybe I could think up one if I tried.”

“I think you could,” said Evelyn.

“If Evelyn thinks I can, too, I will have to tell a story about a little pig, for I know she is very fond of little pigs.

“There was once a very spoiled little pig

named Snook John. He kept all his family busy attending to his wants, and they were many, I can assure you. He thought he was very delicate and that he mustn't overexercise, so he made his family believe he was that way. In fact, after constant spoiling, he began to actually think he was a very fragile little pig. He imagined he had heart failure and indigestion and neuralgia.

"One day there was a party in the air. Great whisperings went about as to when and where the party should be and what they should do.

"Finally they decided that they would go to a nearby swamp where there was the most wonderful marshy ground to burrow in.

"And Snook John could not be persuaded to go, and he tried to make the others feel a little unhappy about going and leaving him. Of course they were used to his acting in such a way, but still it did spoil the fun a little bit to feel they were leaving Snook John all alone at home. They tried to make him go, but he said that he had such trouble with his heart that he wouldn't dare.

" 'I have to look after myself, as no one else

cares whether I live or die,' said Snook John in a whiny voice.

" 'That isn't true,' said the others. 'But we know you would feel better if you came.'

" 'That shows you don't understand,' said Snook John, trying to look abused.

"After they all had left Snook John saw, to his horror, a huge yellow jacket approaching him. The awful thing came nearer and nearer and then stung Snook John with such force that he screamed and screamed in pain.

"But it taught Snook John a lesson, for it was the first real pain he had ever had, and afterward he didn't make a fuss about imaginary pains."

THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T LEAVE HER PUPPIES



“You poor tired doggie!” said her master.

JACK and Evelyn both were devoted to dogs, and daddy always was sure that a story about a dog would please the children.

“I have to tell you this evening,” said daddy, “a story about a dog who had five most beautiful little puppies. They were very tiny, black and white puppies, and their mother was so proud of them. Now, her master was moving away to another place, and a new man had bought his home. This person seemed, to the dog’s master, like a very nice, kind man. Immediately he seemed to take a great fancy to the puppies and their mother. So their master suggested that he should keep the dogs, for he was moving to a village ten miles away and had to go over very rough roads.

He decided that the trip would be very bad for the mother dog and the puppies.

“Dogs are very loyal to the first person they love and who cares for them. It is very seldom that a dog is happy with another master when the first one has been good to him.

“The master pretended to the dog that he was just going for a walk and said good-bye as usual, or, rather, he tried to.

“But the dog knew that her master was sad, and she had noticed the other man about the place. She knew something was the matter, and as soon as her master started off she set up the most pathetic wail.

“The next day toward evening as the master was sitting in his new house a little whimper which sounded most familiar greeted his ears.

“‘Where could it come from?’ he thought. He opened the door, and there stood his dog looking so tired and worn. She snuggled down by him, for she was so tired she couldn't jump up, as was her custom. But after a moment or two of petting she gave all the signs which meant he was to follow her, and outside under a vine on the stoop of the house

were the five little puppies, for she had not been able to leave them behind.

“‘You poor, loyal, tired doggie!’ said her master. ‘You and your precious puppies will never be left again.’ The dog understood perfectly that she was welcomed with her family and that she would never be given to another master.

“But in the meantime the telephone rang, and the other man telephoned to say that after her master had left the night before the dog had commenced her journey after him, each trip taking a puppy with her. The people along the road had seen this from their windows and didn’t know what it could mean until the man explained that she must have gone back to her master.

“When the master heard this he was more touched than ever and told the man that, after all, he would keep his dogs.”

WHY THE RABBIT WAS NAMED PIGEON



"You are paying me
a compliment."

DADDY had just heard of the strange adventures of a certain little bunny rabbit, and he asked Jack and Evelyn how they would like to hear about them.

"I think a bunny's adventures are always very interesting and unusual," said Jack.

"A certain little bunny named Pigeon"—commenced daddy.

"A bunny named Pigeon!" shouted both the children at once. "Now, daddy, why was a bunny named Pigeon?" And daddy said:

"You see his mother was very friendly with Mrs. Pouter Pigeon. There had been a time when Mrs. Pouter Pigeon had hurt her left wing, and she hadn't been able to fly. She cried and cried when this happened, and

Mother Rabbit, who was very kind hearted, hurried to her right away.

“ ‘Why, what is the trouble, Mrs. Pouter Pigeon?’ said Mother Rabbit.

“ ‘Oh,’ sobbed Mrs. Pouter Pigeon, ‘I have fallen and hurt myself terribly! I won’t be able to get out of the reach of bigger animals who may want to eat me up, and I don’t want to be eaten up.’

“At that she burst into more sobs.

“ ‘Well, to tell you the truth,’ said Mother Rabbit, ‘I don’t believe there is a creature living who wants to be eaten up. But you come and live with us, and I will see that you are protected.’

“So Mrs. Pouter Pigeon went to live with Mother Rabbit. They became very friendly and attached to one another.

“And then when the little bunny rabbit was born his mother said, ‘Now I shall name him Pigeon after you, Mrs. Pouter Pigeon.’

“And Mrs. Pouter Pigeon strutted about and said, ‘You have not only saved my life by having me come and live with you, but now you are paying me a fine compliment.’

“And you know the pouter pigeons love to

be flattered. In fact, a little praise is good for every one.

“But I haven’t told you about little Pigeon’s adventures,” said daddy. “One day when it was nice and sunny and warm he thought he would go for a walk. So off he started, and it was not long before he found the most wonderful clover field. He took home just quantities of the clover, enough to enable his mother to give a dinner party and invite all her friends to it, and he left enough in the field so they could come back for more.”

“But, daddy,” said Evelyn, “he didn’t get into trouble that time?”

“No,” said daddy. “I told you of that adventure because one without trouble would be such a surprise.”



"'YOU ARE PAYING ME A FINE COMPLIMENT'"—Page 113

THE PIG WHO WANTED TO BE CLEAN



The Little Pig Won
a Prize.

THE children hadn't been told an animal story for some time, and daddy thought it was high time to tell one.

"How about a story of some little baby pigs?" asked daddy.

"We would love to hear a story about some pigs," said Evelyn. "We haven't heard a story about pigs for ever and ever so long."

"Now, that is true," said Jack. "Do tell us one to-night."

"The pig family that I am going to tell you about were having the best time you can possibly imagine, as they loved having day after day of warmth and sunshine. So they were perfectly happy. They would lie for hours in the most comfortable place they could find and never budge until they felt hungry.

“But one little pig became quite intimate with a goat that resided in a field near by.

“The goat’s family were not so lazy as the little pig’s family were, and at first the goat’s family didn’t want their favorite child to have anything to do with the pig, as they thought it would encourage him to laziness, and that they never wanted him to be.

“But after awhile they saw that this little pig really did not like being so lazy as his family, and then they didn’t object to the friendship.

“As for the pig’s family, they didn’t care what happened so long as they were not disturbed themselves.

“Among other things that the little pig liked about his friends was that without being overneat they were not quite so fond of dirt as his family. Of course, you see, how different he was from his family, as he didn’t like mud nearly so much as they did, nor did he think lying in it was at all an idea of bliss.

“So he became just fussy enough about his personal appearance to still look exactly like a pig. But he saw that his feet were moder-

ately clean and that his face was washed ever so often.

“Sometimes he would tell his family of the joys of being clean and explain to them that they would find they would be much cooler if they took nice cool baths every afternoon. But as he saw he only annoyed them he soon stopped.

“In a week there was to be a county fair, and all the animals were going to be exhibited by their owners. There was a great deal of talking among the animals as to who would win the prizes, and once more the pig family didn't take the slightest interest in the fair.

“But they did feel very much ashamed when the clean little pig was the only one of all their family to win a prize.”

THE TEA PARTY FOR THE PEKINESE DOG



She Was Devoted to
Chung Wang.

JACK and Evelyn had met the smallest dog they had ever seen that afternoon. Of course when daddy came home they told him about it.

“He was so cunning,” said Evelyn.

“Yes,” said Jack, “and he was all fixed up in a little brown coat which exactly matched his own brown coat.”

“Was he a little Chinese dog?” asked daddy.

“Yes,” replied Evelyn; “we couldn’t help but stop and talk to his mistress, and she told us he was a little Chinese dog. She also told us that he had his full growth, and that certainly was very little.”

“That reminds me,” said daddy, “of the story I have meant to tell you for some time of the little Pekinese dog who was given a tea

party in honor of his first birthday by his mistress.

“Chung Wang was his name, and it was his first birthday. His mistress' name was Edith, and she was more devoted to little Chung Wang than to almost anything else, and he was just as fond of her. He would follow her around wherever she went.

“But to continue about his birthday party. He was one whole year old, and, of course, he must have a birthday party. So Edith thought a tea party would be the very nicest kind. Besides, Chung Wang had always seemed to like tea better than any other meal.

“So for that reason Edith thought to give Chung Wang a party all for himself and to have it a tea party would be quite the nicest thing she could do in honor of his first birthday.

“Edith invited a few of her friends who owned little dogs to come to the party. When they came in all the other little dogs carried in their mouths presents for Chung Wang. One brought a beautiful flower, which was fastened to his collar. Another little dog brought a new red sweater, still another

brought a cushion for Chung Wang to sleep on.

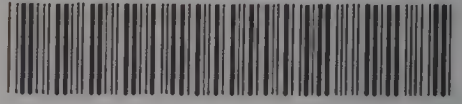
“Chung Wang barked his ‘Thank you!’ each time Edith opened the parcels for him, and then the other dogs wagged their tails, which meant, ‘You’re very welcome.’

“And then the tea table was brought in with a big cake in the center upon which was burning brightly a tall red candle.

“All the little dogs barked some more. They wanted to say ‘Many happy returns of the day.’

“But how they all did enjoy the tea party! First they had little saucers with cream, a little sugar and a drop of tea all mixed up together. Then they had little chunks of buttered toast with sugar on the top. Then they all had several little cakes, and each got a piece of birthday cake.”

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